Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, If I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet: And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie,
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happie be thy speed,
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap.

Bap. What will my daughter proue a g
Hor. I thinke she'l proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes
Bap. Why then thou canst not breake
Hor. Why no for she hath broke the L
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering
When (with a most impatient diuelish spi
Frets call you these? (quoth she(Ile fume
And with that word she stroke me on the
And through the instrument my pate mad
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lut
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such v
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet Now by the world, it is a lustie W
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue some chat with her

Bap. Well go with me, and be not so d
Proceed in Practise with my yonger dau
She's apt to learne, and thanke vs all for goo
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Man

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her here
And woo her with some spirit when she co
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plai
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as
As Morning Roses newly washt with dew
Say she be mute, and will not speake a wor
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanke
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, 'Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* s

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